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Rehearsal Script

Project No: 50/LDL K246 X

"DOCTOR WHO" 7L

16/11/88

"THE HAPPINESS PATROL"

by

Graeme Curry

EPISODE THREE

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"DOCTOR WHO" 7L - 'THE HAPPINESS PATROL' - EPISODE THREE

CAST:

THE DOCTOR  
ACE  
HELENA  
EARL  
DAISY K  
THE KANDYMAN  
JOSEPH C  
GILBERT M  
SUSAN Q  
PRISCILLA P  
TREVOR SIGMA  
ERNEST P

NON SPEAKING:

DRONES  
HAPPINESS PATROL GUARDS

HEARD, NOT SEEN:

NEWSCASTER  
PIPE PEOPLE VOICES

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

Forum Square  
Street/Bluesy Street/Street with Fire Escape  
Second Street/Street outside Kandy Kitchen/Forum Street  
Helen A's Suite  
Happiness Patrol HQ  
The Pipes/Doom Pipe  
Execution Yard  
Arcadia  
Kandy Kitchen

\* \* \* \* \*

MODEL SHOT:

Shuttle leaving Planet

\* \* \* \* \*

"DOCTOR WHO" 7L

'THE HAPPINESS PATROL'

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EPISODE THREE

(REPRISE CLIFF HANGER)

1. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

(ACE AND SUSAN Q  
BEING MARCHED TO  
THE FORUM BY  
THE HAPPINESS  
PATROL)

SUSAN Q: As long as you're looking  
cute, you have a chance.

ACE: Cute!

SUSAN Q: Don't give up. We might  
get through alive.

(THEY PASS A  
SPEAKER PLAYING  
MUZAK)

ACE: I hate that music.



SUSAN Q: You're not the only one.

(A SHOT RINGS  
OUT. THE SPEAKER  
IS BLASTED OFF  
THE WALL)

DAISY K: Sniper! Down! Lucy o! Jane M!  
Covering fire! The rest of you -  
go for that sniper!

(SEVERAL OF  
THE HAPPINESS  
PATROL DASH  
FORWARD UNDER  
FIRE. THE REST  
DROP INTO SHOOTING  
STANCES. DAISY K  
SNEAKS QUIETLY  
AWAY)

ACE: Are you thinking what I'm  
thinking?

SUSAN Q: People get killed  
thinking like that.

ACE: People get killed anyway.  
Now!

(THEY MAKE A  
BREAK FOR IT.  
IN THE CONFUSION  
THE HAPPINESS PATROL  
HARDLY NOTICE.

SUSAN Q AND ACE  
DODGE INTO A  
DOORWAY. UNFORTUNATELY,  
IT'S THE DOORWAY WHERE  
DAISY K IS HIDING.  
FOR A MOMENT THEY  
STARE AT EACH OTHER  
IN SURPRISE. THEN  
DAISY K RAISES  
HER FUN GUN. ACE AND  
SUSAN PUT THEIR HANDS  
ON THEIR HEADS)

Face-ache.

2. EXT. FORUM SQUARE. NIGHT.

(THE TOWN SQUARE  
IN FRONT OF THE  
FORUM. ON ONE  
SIDE, STEPS  
LEAD UP TO THE  
MAIN ENTRANCE OF  
THE FORUM, A  
LITTLE FURTHER  
ALONG THAT SIDE,  
THE DOCTOR IS AT  
THE STAGE DOOR  
CUBBYHOLE WITH  
ERNEST P, THE  
STAGE DOOR MAN.  
THE DOCTOR IS  
HORRIFIED AS HE  
WATCHES THE HAPPINESS  
PATROL DEFACE  
DAPHNE S'S POSTER.

ERNEST P IS UNMOVED.  
MUZAK IS PLAYING  
SOFTLY OUT OF  
A SMALL SPEAKER IN  
THE CUBBY HOLE.

ERNEST P IS RIFLING  
THROUGH THE PAPERS  
ON HIS CLIPBOARD)

ERNEST P: Ace Sigma, wasn't it?

THE DOCTOR: That's right.

ERNEST P: What does she do, then?

THE DOCTOR: Do?

ERNEST P: (AUTOMATICALLY) Sing,  
dance, juggle, magic, vent or  
impressions?

THE DOCTOR: She makes things disappear.

ERNEST P: (CONSULTING LIST) Magic.

THE DOCTOR: There's nothing magical about the way she does it.

ERNEST P: Nothing down here under magic, but I can do you an Ace Sigma on the Miracle Survival Act.

THE DOCTOR: What's that?

ERNEST P: If they survive the Act, it's a miracle.

THE DOCTOR: I see.

ERNEST P: She's on next. Should be arriving any minute. You can slip in here if you want.

THE DOCTOR: I'll wait, thank you.

(THE DOCTOR NOTICES  
A MICROPHONE STAND  
SET UP AT THE  
TOP OF THE STEPS  
LEADING INTO THE  
FORUM)

What's the microphone for?

ERNEST P: That's for speeches and prize-giving. At the end of the show Helen A congratulates the successful candidates and presents them with their Happiness Patrol badges.

THE DOCTOR: I hate long speeches.

ERNEST P: You're in luck then.



THE DOCTOR: Eh?

ERNEST P: None of the candidates will  
be successful.

3. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

(ACE AND SUSAN Q  
BEING ESCORTED  
TO THE FORUM BY  
DAISY K AND  
HAPPINESS  
PATROL GUARDS

SUSAN Q: (TO ACE) Remember, flutter  
your eyelids and lots of teeth in your  
smile.

ACE: I'd rather lob something at them.

SUSAN Q: And remember to use your  
dimples.

ACE: I'd use more than my dimples.

DAISY K: Quiet!



4. EXT. SECOND STREET. NIGHT.

(THE DRONES,  
DRESSED IN BLACK  
SUITS ARE WALKING  
TO A SLOW DRUMBEAT,  
HEADING TOWARDS  
THE FORUM. ALTHOUGH  
THEY ARE WHITE, THE  
PROCESSION IS  
REMINISCENT OF A  
NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL.

EARL IS LEADING  
THEM, PLAYING SLOW  
TRUMPET MUSIC  
AROUND THE RHYTHMIC  
BEAT OF THE DRUM)

5. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(HELEN A IS  
WATCHING THE  
PROCESSION OF THE  
DRONES ON HER  
FIFTIES-STYLE  
TELEVISION. FIFI,  
HEAVILY BANDAGED,  
IS ON HER LAP.  
HELEN A STROKES  
FIFI THROUGHOUT  
THE SCENE)

HELEN A: Look at them, Fifi.  
Dreary clothes, turgid music and  
terrible deportment. They're just so  
depressing.

(SHE SWITCHES THE  
TELEVISION OFF  
WITH A REMOTE  
CONTROL. SHE  
SPEAKS INTO THE UNIT)

(INTO MICROPHONE) Happiness will  
prevail. Happiness Patrol Section B,  
prepare to effect a large-scale  
disappearance. A drone demonstration  
is moving towards Forum Square.  
Proceed there directly. Take no  
prisoners. Summary executions for all  
drones, including alien trumpeter.

(SHE POINTS THE  
REMOTE CONTROL UNIT  
AT THE TELEVISION  
AND AN INANE, HAPPY  
PROGRAMME COMES ON)

That's better, isn't it, my darling?  
I can feel my spirits lifting already.

6. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(THE SOFT MUZAK  
IS PLAYING IN THE  
BACKGROUND. A BELL  
SUDDENLY BEGINS TO  
RING NEAR THE FIRE  
STATION TYPE POLE  
IN THE ROOM.

A HAPPINESS PATROL  
GUARD SLIDES DOWN  
THE POLE, FOLLOWED  
BY ANOTHER AND  
ANOTHER)



7. EXT. FORUM SQUARE.

(THE DOCTOR SITTING  
ALONE. HE LOOKS  
UP AS THE SPEAKER  
IN THE SQUARE  
COMES TO LIFE)

NEWSCASTER: (ON SPEAKER) This is a public happiness announcement. A depression is moving towards Forum Square. For your own peace of mind please stay clear of the area. You'll be pleased to know that Helen A has asked Happiness Patrol Section B. to restore harmony and they have responded with a smile. Happiness will prevail.

(THE DOCTOR SMILES  
GRIMLY WITH  
SATISFACTION. HE  
TAKES SEVERAL  
WATCHES OUT OF  
HIS POCKETS AND  
BEGINS TO ADJUST  
THEM)

8. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(HELEN A IS REMOVING  
FIFI'S BANDAGES,  
ROLLING THEM ROUND  
HER HAND AS SHE  
DOES SO)

HELEN A: And the last one.

(HELEN A REMOVES  
THE LAST BANDAGE,  
REVEALING FIFI TO  
BE FULLY RECOVERED,  
LOOKING AS FRIGHTENING  
AND FEROCIOUS AS  
BEFORE)

There we are. All mended. We're a team, Fifi, you and I. We look after each other. And we will make this a happy planet, in spite of the bunglers and killjoys that surround us. If they're miserable, then we'll put them out of their misery. After all, it's for their own good. But first of all a bit of harmless revenge. You take the vermin in the pipe. I'll take the vermin at the Forum.

(FIFI GROWLS SOFTLY)

9. EXT. FORUM SQUARE. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
SITTING AT THE TOP  
OF THE STEPS  
LEADING INTO  
THE FORUM, NEAR  
THE MICROPHONE.

TREVOR SIGMA  
WALKS UP THE  
STEPS AND SITS  
DOWN NEXT TO HIM)

TREVOR SIGMA: Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Trevor.

TREVOR SIGMA: You're looking a bit glum

THE DOCTOR: All this happiness is  
getting me down.

TREVOR SIGMA: I know what you mean.  
I'll be glad when I get shot of this  
place.

(TREVOR SIGMA  
TAKES A THICK ROLL  
OF PAPER OUT OF  
HIS COAT AND GIVES  
ONE END TO THE  
DOCTOR)

Can you hold the end for me, Doctor?



(THE DOCTOR TAKES  
THE END OF THE  
ROLL. THE PAPER  
IS COVERED WITH  
WRITING AND  
TREVOR SIGMA  
MAKES A FEW NOTES)

THE DOCTOR: Where's the Galactic Census  
Bureau sending you next?

TREVOR SIGMA: Earth. Been there?

THE DOCTOR: Once or twice.

TREVOR SIGMA: Miserable sort of place.

THE DOCTOR: You're making me feel  
nostalgic.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
READING TREVOR'S  
LIST)

Wait a minute. Silas P. Harold V.  
I know these names. You can't give  
these to the Bureau. They might  
have lived here once but ...

TREVOR SIGMA: They've disappeared. I  
know. Strange, isn't it? Don't ask  
me why, but that's what they want.

THE DOCTOR: They've sent you here  
not to make a list of who is here, but  
who isn't.

TREVOR SIGMA: That's right.

THE DOCTOR: When were you last on  
Terra Alpha.

TREVOR SIGMA: Let me see. In  
Alphan time. Six months ago.

(THE DOCTOR TAKES  
THE ROLL OF PAPER  
FROM TREVOR)

THE DOCTOR: So this list represents  
six months' worth of Helen A's  
handiwork in pursuit of her perverted  
version of happiness.

(THE DOCTOR STANDS  
AT THE TOP OF  
THE STEPS AND  
HOLDS OUT THE ROLL  
OF PAPER)

TREVOR SIGMA: No, Doctor, don't. It  
took me ages to roll that up.

(THE DOCTOR LETS  
GO OF ONE END  
OF THE ROLL.  
THE PAPER UNROLLS,  
CASCADING DOWN  
THE STEPS AND  
ACROSS THE SQUARE)

10. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(FIFI IS SPRAWLED  
ON A CHAIR.

HELEN A APPROACHES  
WITH A LEAD AND  
FASTENS IT ROUND  
FIFI'S NECK.

FIFI GETS  
INCREASINGLY  
ANIMATED AND GROWLS  
WITH EXCITEMENT)

HELEN A: Walkies!

(WE MOVE TO A  
GRILLE IN THE  
WALL. BEHIND  
IT WE CAN SEE THE  
PIPE PEOPLE,  
WATCHING FIFI  
WITH TERROR IN  
THEIR EYES)



11. EXT. FORUM SQUARE. NIGHT.

(IT IS EMPTY  
AND QUIET. THE  
DOCTOR IS ON  
THE STEPS.

HE TAKES A LARGE  
FOB-WATCH OUT  
OF HIS COAT AND  
CONSULTS IT.  
ALL WE HEAR  
IS THE TICKING  
OF THE CLOCK)

12. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

(GILBERT M IS  
DRIVING THE  
HAPPICAR, PLAYING  
ICE CREAM VAN  
MUSIC, AND  
OVERFLOWING  
WITH HAPPINESS PATROL  
GUARDS SENT TO  
DESTROY THE DRONES.  
PRISCILLA P IS  
NEXT TO GILBERT)

PRISCILLA P: Over there!

GILBERT M: What?

PRISCILLA P: A killjoy. In the shadows.  
Dark coat, drooping shoulders, a  
tear glistening on his cheek.  
Summary execution?

GILBERT M: Not this time, Priscilla.  
Save it for the drones.

13. EXT. FORUM SQUARE. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
NOW ALONE IN  
THE QUIET SQUARE.  
HE IS WALKING  
BACKWARDS AND  
FORWARDS ALONG  
THE TOP OF THE  
STEPS, TWIDDLING  
HIS THUMBS. HE  
EYES THE MICROPHONE.  
FINALLY HE CAN'T  
RESIST IT. HE  
TAKES THE MIKE  
OUT OF THE STAND  
AND CROONS INTO IT.

THE DOCTOR SINGING  
TO THE TUNE OF  
'AS TIME GOES BY')

THE DOCTOR: (SINGING)  
It's still the same old story  
A fight for love and glory  
A case of do or die.

(HE STOPS SINGING)

Perhaps not.

(HE HEARS EARL'S  
TRUMPET, COMPLETING  
THE TUNE, THE DOCTOR  
SMILES)

Earl.

(EARL JOINS THE  
DOCTOR AT THE TOP  
OF THE STEPS)



EARL: The drones are on their way.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you, Earl. It's all falling nicely into place. As time goes by. We've got Ace arriving first, with her guards, of course, and you're bringing the drones, which only leaves the Happiness Patrol section sent by Helen A to make us all disappear in the nastiest possible way.

EARL: Sounds complicated.

THE DOCTOR: It's simplicity itself. But you have to help me. And you'll have to get the time just right.

EARL: What sort of time would you like, Doctor? How about this?

(EARL PLAYS A  
SNATCH OF MUSIC)

THE DOCTOR: Play it by ear, Earl.

14. EXT. EXECUTION YARD.

(JOSEPH C AND  
HELEN A STANDING  
NEAR THE EXECUTION  
PIPE.

HELEN A IS  
ROLLING UP A LEAD.  
SHE HAS JUST  
UNLEASHED FIFI DOWN  
THE PIPE)

15. INT. THE PIPES.

(THE PIPE PEOPLE  
ARE RUNNING ALONG  
THE PIPES. THEY LOOK  
DESPERATE.

WE HEAR FIFI  
HOWL SOMEWHERE  
BEHIND THEM)

16. EXT. FORUM SQUARE. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
AT THE MICROPHONE.  
HE IS LOOKING AT  
THE WATCH, AS  
BEFORE. HE SNAPS  
IT SHUT.

DAISY K AND THE  
HAPPINESS PATROL  
MARCH INTO THE  
SQUARE WITH ACE  
AND SUSAN Q.

THE DOCTOR TALKS  
THROUGH THE MICROPHONE  
UNTIL JUST BEFORE  
THE END OF THE  
SCENE)

THE DOCTOR: (INTO MIRCROPHONE) You're  
late!

ACE: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: You've no idea how happy  
I am to see you, Ace.

DAISY K: Sorry to keep you, Doctor.  
But now it's Funtime!

(ON 'FUNTIME' THE  
HAPPINESS PATROL  
FORM INTO A  
FIRING SQUAD  
AND AIM AT THE  
DOCTOR)

Have a nice death, Doctor.

ACE: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: It's all right, Ace. They can't fire. Because they see before them a happy man. And their logic will tell them, twisted as it is, that as such they have no power over me.

(THE HAPPINESS PATROL,  
WHO HAVE NOT THOUGHT OF  
THIS BEFORE, LOOK  
CONFUSED AND  
LOWER THEIR FUN  
GUNS)

Of course some days I may feel a little grouchy perhaps, a wee bit bad-tempered ...

(THE HAPPINESS PATROL  
RAISE THEIR GUNS  
AGAIN)

... but today isn't one of those days.

(THE HAPPINESS PATROL  
LOWER THEIR GUNS)

Because today the Doctor and the drones are having a ball! (cont...)

(BANG ON CUE EARL  
MARCHES INTO THE  
SQUARE, POINTING  
HIS TRUMPET INTO  
THE AIR AND PLAYING  
LIVELY DANCE MUSIC.  
THE DRONES FOLLOW  
HIM INTO THE SQUARE.  
THEY HAVE TAKEN THEIR  
BLACK JACKETS OFF  
AND ARE SINGING  
AND CLAPPING HAPPILY  
TO THE MUSIC.



WHEN DAISY K  
AND THE HAPPINESS  
PATROL GUARDS  
ESCORTING ACE  
SEE THE HAPPY  
DRONES, THEIR FACES  
FALL. THEY ARE  
CLEARLY THOROUGHLY  
DEPRESSED ABOUT THE  
SITUATION.

AT THAT INSTANT,  
GILBERT M DRIVES  
THE HAPPICAR INTO  
THE SQUARE. THE  
HAPPINESS PATROL  
LEAP OUT AND  
LINE UP IN FRONT  
OF THE DRONES,  
AIMING THEIR FUN  
GUNS)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) You can't do it,  
Happiness Patrol Section B. You can't  
go down in the history of the galaxy  
as a bunch of party-poopers. The only  
killjoys in this square are behind  
you.

(THE HAPPINESS  
PATROL TURN TO  
SEE DAISY K'S  
HAPPINESS PATROL  
GROUP)

Look at them! Wretched, snivelling  
creatures, wallowing in their own  
weltschmerz! All except Ace and Susan Q,  
of course, who are naturally  
delighted to see me.

(THE HAPPINESS PATROL  
ADVANCE ON DAISY K'S  
GROUP)

DAISY K: No! Stop! That's an order!

(PRISCILLA P'S  
GROUP MOVE IN  
TO ARREST DAISY K'S  
GROUP.

THE DOCTOR RUNS  
DOWN THE STEPS,  
AND PULLS ACE  
AND SUSAN Q  
OUT OF THE MELEE)

THE DOCTOR: Into the car!

(THE THREE OF THEM  
LEAP INTO THE  
CAR, WITH THE  
DOCTOR AT THE  
WHEEL. JUST  
AS THEY ARE ABOUT  
TO MOVE, EARL  
RUNS UP AND JUMPS  
IN THE BACK OF  
THE CAR, NEXT TO  
SUSAN Q)

ACE: Come on, Professor, get this  
heap of junk moving!

THE DOCTOR: Nice to have you back,  
Ace.

(THE CAR MOVES  
OFF)

17. EXT. EXECUTION YARD. NIGHT.

(THE EXECUTION  
YARD IS DECORATED  
AS IF FOR A  
PARTY. JOSEPH C  
AND HELEN A  
ARE STROLLING  
ROUND IT, LIKE  
A COUPLE TAKING  
A WALK IN THE  
PARK.

HELEN A IS CARRYING  
FIFI'S LEAD.  
THERE IS SOFT  
MUZAK PLAYING  
ABOVE THEIR HEADS)

HELEN A: Lovely evening.

JOSEPH C: Yes, dear.

HELEN A: The sort of evening that  
makes you happy to be alive.

(THERE IS NO REPLY)

(FIRMLY) I said the sort of evening  
that makes you feel happy to be alive.

JOSEPH C: Yes, dear.

(THE MUZAK IS  
INTERRUPTED BY  
CRACKLY INTERFERENCE  
AND A NEWSCASTER  
READS OUT A  
NEWSFLASH)

NEWSCASTER: Happiness will prevail!  
Reports are coming in of a series of  
disturbances in Forum Square. Fighting  
has broken out in the ranks of the  
Happiness Patrol following an  
unprecedented display of mirth by  
a group of drones led by an  
unidentified alien trumpeter.

HELEN A: The trumpeter again!

NEWSCASTER: Reports are coming in  
that the disturbances were orchestrated  
by an alien describing himself as  
The Doctor. Both ringleaders  
escaped, together with an alien  
girl and Susan Q, a Happiness Patrol  
candidate on her way to the Forum.  
There will be further reports as  
we get more news.

(THE MUZAK BEGINS  
AGAIN)

HELEN A: However hard I try,  
however much work I put in, something  
always happens. Even moments like  
this aren't sacred. But one day  
we'll live in harmony. One day I  
will be appreciated.

JOSEPH C: Yes, dear.

(HELEN A HANDS  
JOSEPH THE LEAD)

HELEN A: Here. You wait for Fifi.  
I shall obviously have to deal with  
this myself.

JOSEPH C: Yes, dear.

(IN THE DISTANCE,  
IN THE PIPES, WE  
HEAR FIFI HOWLING)

18. INT. THE PIPES.

(THE PIPE PEOPLE  
ARE SCURRYING  
ALONG THE PIPES.)

THEY ARE SCARED  
AND PANICKING.  
WE CAN HEAR  
FIFI HOWLING  
FURTHER ALONG  
THE PIPES)



19. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

(IT IS QUIET  
APART FROM  
SOFT MUZAK  
PLAYING FROM  
SMALL SPEAKERS  
MOUNTED ON THE  
WALLS.)

THE HAPPICAR  
COMES ROUND  
THE CORNER AND  
STOPS)

THE DOCTOR: Here we are. Journey's  
end.

ACE: But there's nothing here.

THE DOCTOR: On the contrary, Ace.  
But you need to know where to look.

SUSAN Q: We're not far from Arcadia.

THE DOCTOR: Exactly. Arcadia. Lock  
people up and then insist they enjoy  
themselves on pain of death. The key  
to Helen A's basic misunderstanding  
of human psychology. You can't force  
people to be happy. It's like music.  
Where does your music come from Earl?

EARL: (PATTING HIS HEART) Inside.

THE DOCTOR: Right. And however long  
you practise, if you ain't got swing ...

EARL: You ain't got swing. But  
you've got swing.

(THE DOCTOR  
MODESTLY IGNORING  
THE COMPLIMENT)

THE DOCTOR: So, I suggest that a good  
place to start is Arcadia. Susan Q,  
Earl?

EARL: We're already there Doctor.

(EARL AND  
SUSAN Q GET  
OUT OF THE  
CAR AND HEAD  
UP THE STREET)

ACE: Putting the boot into Arcadia.  
What a great idea.

THE DOCTOR: Do you want to go with  
them, Ace?

ACE: Let's stick together, Professor.

THE DOCTOR: Good. We've got things  
to do.

(THEY GET OUT  
OF THE HAPPICAR  
AND THE DOCTOR  
STARTS STRUGGLING  
WITH A MANHOLE  
COVER)

Give me a hand with the other side  
of this.

(THEY STRUGGLE  
WITH THE COVER)

So what have you been up to while I  
haven't been able to keep an eye on  
you?

ACE: Nothing much.

THE DOCTOR: Not too profligate with the nitro, I hope.

ACE: I lobbed a can.

THE DOCTOR: Who was the unfortunate recipient?

ACE: A rat called Fifi. It was annoying me.

THE DOCTOR: Not half as much, I suspect, as you annoyed it.

(THE MANHOLE  
COVER COMES OFF)

There we are.

ACE: So where are we going, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: To the top.

(HE JUMPS DOWN  
THE HOLE)

20. INT. ARCADIA.

(DAISY K IS  
PLAYING AT ONE  
OF THE MACHINES.

PRISCILLA P  
STANDS CLOSE BY,  
GUARDING HER  
WITH HER FUN  
GUN.

DAISY K STOPS  
PLAYING FOR A  
MOMENT AND  
TURNS TO  
PRISCILLA P)

PRISCILLA P: Keep playing! Enjoy  
yourself!

(DAISY K GOES  
BACK TO THE  
GAME)

DAISY K: For the last time Priscilla  
P, I am not a killjoy!

PRISCILLA P: I've been hunting killjoys  
for five years.

DAISY K: I don't care if you've been  
hunting them for five hundred years.  
I am not a killjoy.

PRISCILLA P: You pick up a lot in  
five years on the streets. You can  
see it in their eyes. You can smell  
them at a hundred yards. You feel it  
in your gut. (cont ...)

(HELEN A SLIDES  
DOWN THE CHUTE  
INTO ARCADIA.

PRISCILLA P  
HIGHLY AGITATED  
SWINGS ROUND  
WITH THE FUN  
GUN)

PRISCILLA P: (cont) The hairs on the  
back of your neck stand on end.

(HELEN A REACHES  
OUT AND LOWERS  
THE BARREL OF  
THE FUN GUN)

HELEN A: It's all right, Priscilla P.  
I've come to relieve you of the  
prisoner.

DAISY K: Shall I take her to the Kandy  
Man?

HELEN A: Not for doing her job,  
Daisy K. Where are the others?

DAISY K: (INNOCENTLY) Others?

HELEN A: I understood there to be  
an entire Happiness Patrol section  
involved in the fiasco at the forum.  
I only see two of you.

(NOBODY SPEAKS)

Well? (SAVAGELY) I won't bite.

DAISY K: The others left with the  
drones.



HELEN A: Really?

PRISCILLA P: They said they were going to put the sugar factories out of action. I tried to stop them but ...

HELEN A: Thank you, Priscilla P. Daisy K, I think you and I need a little chat.

PRISCILLA P: She's a killjoy, ma'am.

HELEN A: I'll deal with it now.

PRISCILLA P: What shall I do, ma'am?

HELEN A: Stay at your post, Priscilla P. Prepare for prisoners.

21. INT. THE PIPE.

(THE PIPE PEOPLE  
ARE SCURRYING  
DOWN THE PIPE.

THEY COME TO  
WHAT APPEARS  
TO BE A DEAD  
END)

(THEY LOOK BACK  
DOWN THE PIPE.

THEY SEE MOVEMENTS  
IN THE SHADOWS)

(THE DOCTOR  
AND ACE STEP  
OUT OF THE  
SHADOWS)

WULFRIC: Doctor!

(THE DOCTOR  
DOFFS HIS HAT)

THE DOCTOR: Wulfric, Wences.

(FIFI HOWLS  
IN THE PIPE.  
SHE SOUNDS  
VERY CLOSE)

That sounds like a stigorax. (cont ...)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) I haven't seen one of them since I visited Birmingham in the Dark Ages. Extremely intelligent, ruthless predators.

WENCES: Danger!

WULFRIC: Fifi!

THE DOCTOR: Ace, this wouldn't be Fifi as in Fifi the annoyed rat who you claim to have blown to smithereens.

ACE: Nobody's perfect, Professor.

THE DOCTOR: Including Fifi. This way, I think.

(HE INDICATES  
A SIDE TUNNEL)

WENCES: That way?

WULFRIC: Danger!

THE DOCTOR: Precisely.

(THEY FOLLOW  
HIM INTO THE  
SIDE TUNNEL  
OF PIPE)

22. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(HELEN A IS  
POURING TEA  
FOR DAISY K)

HELEN A: Tell me, Daisy K, when the Happiness Patrol got together with the Drones and decided to form a wrecking gang in order to dismantle the sugar factories, what were you doing at the time? Just interested.

DAISY K: I was under armed guard.

HELEN A: Priscilla P?

DAISY K: Yes.

HELEN A: Ah. It's just that I thought you were equipped with a high velocity fun gun, that's all.

DAISY K: It was knocked out of my hand by one of the prisoners.

HELEN A: One of the prisoners.

DAISY K: Ace Sigma.

HELEN A: Ace Sigma. I wondered when Ace Sigma would turn up to haunt me again. Not that I mind, you understand.

DAISY K: Of course not.

HELEN A: A charming girl in so many ways.

23. INT. THE PIPES.

(THE DOCTOR,  
ACE AND THE  
PIPE PEOPLE  
HIDING IN A  
HOLLOW AT THE  
FAR END OF A  
LENGTH OF PIPE.

SOUND OF FIFI  
APPROACHING  
IN THE DISTANCE.

ACE IS TAKING  
OUT A CAN OF  
NITRO 9.

THE DOCTOR  
SNATCHES IT AWAY  
FROM HER)

ACE: Why not?

THE DOCTOR: (WHISPERS) No nitro and  
no noise!

(THEY WAIT TENSELY.

THE SOUND OF  
FIFI GROWS  
NEARER - THEN  
SUDDENLY STOPS)



24. INT. THE PIPES.

(FIFI APPROACHING  
IN SILENCE, EYES  
GLOWING IN THE  
DARK TUNNEL)

25. INT. THE PIPES.

(THE DOCTOR,  
ACE AND THE  
PIPE PEOPLE  
WAITING IN  
TENSE SILENCE)

26. INT. THE PIPES.

(FIFI APPROACHING  
ALONG THE  
STRETCH OF PIPE  
TOWARDS THE  
HOLLOW.

SHE STOPS.

HOWLS TRIUMPHANTLY.

THERE IS A  
CRUMBLING NOISE  
ABOVE.

FIFI FREEZES,  
LOOKS UP. A  
MASSIVE FALL  
OF ROCK CRASHES  
DOWN)

27. INT. THE PIPES.

(THE DOCTOR,  
ACE AND THE  
PIPE PEOPLE  
IN THE HOLLOW.

CLOUDS OF DUST  
AND ROCK CHIPPINGS  
BILLOW PAST THEM.

THEY SHIELD  
THEMSELVES AS  
FIFI IS BURIED  
ALIVE)

28. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(HELEN A AND  
DAISY K AS  
BEFORE)

HELEN A: So, what are we left with after this little local difficulty in Forum Square. Remind me.

DAISY K: A posse heading out to the sugar factories and the Doctor and his gang roaming the cities.

HELEN A: Nothing insoluble there. The factories are heavily defended and we'll soon track down the Doctor.

DAISY K: He may have gone down into the pipes.

HELEN A: Excellent. Then we'll leave Fifi to deal with him.

29. INT. THE PIPES.

(THE LAST FEW  
FRAGMENTS TRICKLING  
DOWN ON THE PILE  
OF RUBBLE)

30. EXT. THE EXECUTION YARD. NIGHT.

(JOSEPH C, STILL  
CARRYING FIFI'S  
LEAD, IS STROLLING  
ROUND THE YARD,  
HUMMING SOFTLY  
TO HIMSELF.

THERE IS THE  
THUNDERING SOUND  
OF THE PIPE  
COLLAPSING DEEP  
IN THE DISTANCE.

HE STOPS FOR A  
MOMENT, RAISES  
HIS EYEBROWS,  
THEN CONTINUES  
WALKING AND  
HUMMING)



31. INT. THE PIPES.

(THE DOCTOR,  
ACE AND THE  
PIPE PEOPLE  
ARE LOOKING  
DOWN THE PIPE.

DUST DRIFTS  
TOWARDS THEM)

ACE: Ace!

THE DOCTOR: Yes, it was one of our  
better collaborations.

(THE PIPE PEOPLE  
ARE JUBILANT)

WULFRIC: Many ...

WENCES: Thanks ...

WULFRIC: Doctor ...

WENCES: Ace.

THE DOCTOR: Don't mention it. Anyway,  
it's your turn to help us now.

WULFRIC: How?

THE DOCTOR: Ace and I are going  
visiting. I know where we're going  
but I haven't the foggiest idea how to  
get there. To me, one section of a  
pipe looks very much like another  
section of a pipe, Ace?

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ACE: Same here.

THE DOCTOR: So we're looking for a couple of pipe pilots.

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32. INT. ARCADIA.

(PRISCILLA P  
IS STALKING  
ROUND ARCADIA,  
READY FOR  
ACTION.

SOFT MUZAK IS  
PLAYING ON A  
FIFTIES-STYLE  
WIRELESS.

SUDDENLY SHE  
HEARS A TRUMPET  
PLAYING THE  
BLUES.

SHE MOVES TO  
THE WIRELESS  
AND TURNS IT  
OFF.

STILL THE BLUES  
CONTINUES TO  
PLAY. SHE LOOKS  
ROUND ARCADIA  
TRYING TO  
IDENTIFY THE  
SOURCE OF THE  
SOUND.

SHE REALISES. IT  
IS COMING FROM  
THE AREA OF THE  
CHUTE.

HER FUN GUN AT  
HAND, SHE MOVES  
TO THE CHUTE  
TO INVESTIGATE.  
FINDING NOTHING  
SHE LOOKS UP  
THE CHUTE. AT  
THAT INSTANT,  
HANDS REACH DOWN  
AND QUICKLY DRAG  
A PROTESTING  
PRISCILLA P UP  
THE CHUTE)

33. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A IS  
SITTING CALMLY.

DAISY K IS  
WANDERING AROUND,  
POUNDING HER  
FIST INTO HER  
OPEN HAND.

SOFT MUZAK IS  
PLAYING IN THE  
ROOM)

HELEN A: You seem agitated, Daisy K.

DAISY K: It's crumbling around us,  
isn't it?

HELEN A: Not unhappy about something,  
I hope?

DAISY K: No.

HELEN A: Good. Because when the  
Doctor is picked up and brought in I  
don't want there to be anything for  
him to smile about.

(THE MUZAK STOPS)

NEWSCASTER: Happiness will prevail.  
We have just heard that the Happiness  
Patrol Section guarding the Nirvana  
sugar beet plant in Sector Six and  
joined the growing band of vigilantes  
in the destruction of the plant. No  
news yet of the whereabouts of the  
Doctor.

(THE MUZAK BEGINS  
AGAIN)

HELEN A: It's just one factory,  
Daisy K. I have built over a thousand.

DAISY K: What about the reports of  
riots and public unhappiness?

HELEN A: Simple. We need someone  
who knows the streets like the back  
of her hand, someone who is a good  
fighter and above all, someone who  
is fiercely loyal. Who would you  
suggest, Daisy K?

DAISY K: She's a fanatic.

HELEN A: That's how I like them. Get  
me Arcadia.

(DAISY K PUSHES  
A BUTTON ON THE  
CONSOLE IN FRONT  
OF HER.

A PICTURE OF  
ARCADIA COMES  
ON THE SCREEN.

IN THE FOREGROUND  
WE SEE PRISCILLA  
P, BOUND AND GAGGED)

What?

34. INT. ARCADIA.

(PRISCILLA P  
LYING BOUND  
AND GAGGED.

SUSAN Q, STANDS  
GRINNING OVER  
HER, HOLDING  
A FUN GUN.

EARL IS TAKING  
HIS TRUMPET  
OUT OF ITS CASE)

35. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A AND  
DAISY K STARING  
AT THE MONITOR.

EARL WANDERS  
INTO THE PICTURE  
ON THE MONITOR.

HE IS PLAYING  
SAD TRUMPET  
MUSIC.

HELEN A SLAMS  
HER HAND DOWN  
ON THE CONSOLE  
AND THE PICTURE  
IS CUT OFF)

HELEN A: Get me the Kandy Man!

DAISY K: You're not unhappy about  
something, I hope.

HELEN A: I said get me the Kandy Man!



36. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY TELEPHONE  
IS RINGING.

THE KANDY MAN  
PICKS IT UP)

KANDY MAN: Kandy Man.

37. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A IS  
TALKING INTO  
A RECEIVER)

HELEN A: I want the Doctor, and I  
want him now, I don't care what you  
have to do. I don't care how far  
you have to go ...

KANDY MAN: (ON TELEPHONE) That won't  
be necessary.

HELEN A: Why not?

38. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY MAN  
IS ON THE  
TELEPHONE.

THE DOCTOR IS  
HAULING HIMSELF  
UP THROUGH THE  
MANHOLE IN THE  
FLOOR)

KANDY MAN: (INTO TELEPHONE) Because  
he's just popped in.

(HE HANGS UP.

THE DOCTOR IS  
NOW PULLING  
ACE UP THROUGH  
THE HOLE)

THE DOCTOR: Kandy Man, I don't believe  
you've had the pleasure of meeting my  
friend, Ace, expert in calorification,  
incineration, carbonisation and  
inflammation.

KANDY MAN: I beg your pardon.

THE DOCTOR: She's come to look at  
your oven.

(ALONG ONE SIDE  
OF THE KANDY  
KITCHEN THERE  
IS A BANK OF  
OVENS.

ONLY ONE IS  
WORKING.

ACE DUCKS PAST  
THE KANDY MAN  
TO THE WORKING  
OVEN. SHE TRIES  
TO OPEN THE OVEN  
DOOR.

THE DOCTOR GOES  
TO THE OTHER END  
OF THE LINE OF  
OVENS, SO THAT  
THE KANDY MAN  
IS BETWEEN HIM  
AND ACE)

KANDY MAN: Has she indeed. Then she  
should wait to be asked. Impolite  
guests get to feel the back of my  
Kandy hand.

(THE KANDY MAN  
ADVANCES ON ACE)

THE DOCTOR: That may be, Kandy Man,  
but I've come here to conclude our  
unfinished business, and I don't like  
to be kept waiting. Last time you  
saw me you said you were going to kill  
me.

KANDY MAN: Really, Doctor? Thank  
you for reminding me.

(THE KANDY MAN  
TURNS AND ADVANCES  
ON THE DOCTOR.

ACE STRUGGLES  
TO OPEN THE  
OVEN DOOR. JUST  
AS THE KANDY MAN  
REACHES THE DOCTOR,  
ACE SPEAKS)

ACE: I wouldn't give that bilgebag a hundred to one against you, Professor.

(THE KANDY MAN  
STOPS AND  
SPEAKS, QUITE  
PLEASANTLY, TO  
THE DOCTOR)

KANDY MAN: Bilgebag indeed. I'm disappointed in you, Doctor. I would have expected you to choose your friends more carefully, Doctor. Still, she won't be a friend much longer, will she?

(HE TURNS AND  
GOES BACK TO  
ACE)

THE DOCTOR: But I think you're a bilgebag too.

(THE KANDY MAN  
STOPS BETWEEN  
THEM. HE TAKES  
A COIN OUT OF  
HIS POCKET)

KANDY MAN: I'm finding this all rather tiresome. Heads or tails, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Tails.

(THE KANDY MAN  
TOSSES THE COIN.  
WE SEE THE PIPE  
PEOPLE WATCHING  
THE PROCEEDINGS  
FROM THE MANHOLE)

Well?

KANDY MAN: That would be telling.

(IN THE MEANTIME,  
ACE HAS GOT THE  
OVEN DOOR OPEN.

THE KANDY MAN  
SUDDENLY LUNGES  
TOWARDS ACE,  
BUT SHE PULLS A  
POKER OUT OF  
THE FIRE AND  
BRANDISHES THE  
RED-HOT END AT  
THE KANDY MAN)

THE DOCTOR: You're playing a dangerous  
game, Kandy Man. The tip of that  
poker is white hot. It would  
slice through you like a knife through  
butterscotch.

KANDY MAN: I have to bow, however  
reluctantly, to your logic, Doctor.  
Which leaves me only one alternative.

(THE KANDY MAN  
TURNS AND LUNGES  
AT THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: Ace!

(ACE THROWS THE  
POKER ACROSS  
THE KITCHEN TO  
THE DOCTOR. IT  
SPINS THROUGH  
THE AIR AND THE  
DOCTOR CATCHES  
THE COLD END)

Get down, Ace!

(THE DOCTOR  
PLUNGES THE  
POKER INTO  
THE NEAREST  
OVEN.

THIS SETS LIGHT  
TO THE WHOLE  
BANK OF OVENS  
AND THE KANDY  
MAN IS CAUGHT  
IN THE BLAST  
OF HEAT)

KANDY MAN: Aargh! Time to cool off.

(THE KANDY MAN  
DIVES THROUGH  
THE MANHOLE  
IN THE FLOOR  
LEADING TO THE  
DOOMPIPE.

HIS COIN DROPS  
TO THE GROUND.

THE DOCTOR PICKS  
IT UP, PERHAPS  
DOES A LITTLE  
SLEIGHT OF HAND,  
AND THEN POCKETS  
IT)

THE DOCTOR: Ace?

ACE: Yes?

THE DOCTOR: How did you know I  
wouldn't catch the red-hot end?

ACE: (SMILING) You wouldn't do that,  
Professor.

THE DOCTOR: Listen, Ace.



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ACE: I can't hear anything.

THE DOCTOR: Exactly.

ACE: What do you mean?

THE DOCTOR: I can't hear anything  
either. Come on.

(HE HEADS FOR  
THE DOOR)

ACE: What about the Kandy Man?

THE DOCTOR: He'll keep. He's full  
of colouring, flavouring - and  
preservatives.

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39. EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE KANDY  
KITCHEN. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE COME OUT OF  
THE KANDY KITCHEN.  
THEY FIND EARL  
AND SUSAN Q IN THE  
STREET.

SUSAN Q HAS BEEN  
SHOOTING THE  
MUZAK LOUDSPEAKERS  
OFF THE WALLS.

ONE OF THE SPEAKERS  
IS DANGLING OFF  
THE WALL)

EARL: Blissful, isn't it, Doctor?  
Silence.

THE DOCTOR: Not quite, Earl. I  
can hear the sound of empires toppling.

(EARL PUTS HIS  
ARM ROUND SUSAN Q)

EARL: And all thanks to this lady  
and her fun gun. She can take out  
a loudspeaker playing muzak at a  
hundred paces.

SUSAN Q: Not quite, Earl.

(SUSAN Q SHOOTS  
AT THE DANGLING  
SPEAKER. IT FALLS  
INTO THE STREET)

ACE: Can I have a go, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Wanton destruction of  
public property? Certainly not.  
But in this case, yes.

40. INT. KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE PIPE PEOPLE  
ARE NOW IN THE  
KITCHEN.

THEY CONSULT A  
CHART ON THE WALL.  
THEN THEY HEAVE  
ON A LEVER)

41. INT. THE PIPE.

(THE KANDY MAN  
IS CRAWLING DOWN  
THE PIPE.

SUDDENLY WE HEAR  
RUMBLINGS BEHIND  
HIM AS A MOUNTAIN  
OF FOAM BEGINS  
TO PERSUE HIM.

HE SCRAMBLES ALONG  
AS FAST AS HE CAN GO)

42. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(IN THE KITCHEN  
THERE IS A GREAT  
RUSHING NOISE  
OF THE FOAM WHICH  
THE PIPE PEOPLE HAVE  
SENT AFTER THE  
KANDY MAN. WHEELS  
ARE TURNING,  
MECHANISMS MOVING,  
LIGHTS ARE  
FLASHING AND THE  
SKULL, IS LIGHTING  
UP. THE SOUND  
BECOMES ALMOST  
DEAFENING.

WENCES IS DELIGHTED)

WENCES: Wicked!

(GILBERT M COMES  
IN AND SEES THE  
PIPE PEOPLE.

HE REALISES WHAT  
THEY HAVE DONE)

GILBERT M: (SOFTLY) Kandy Man!  
(SHOUTING) Kandy Man! What have  
you done to him?

43. INT. DOOMPIPE.

(THE KANDY MAN  
IS CRAWLING ALONG  
THE DOOMPIPE.

THERE IS A RUSHING  
NOISE BEHIND HIM,  
GETTING LOUDER ALL  
THE TIME.

HE TRIES TO MOVE  
FASTER, AND  
THEN SUDDENLY  
STOPS AND SMILES)

KANDY MAN: Ah well. I gave it my  
best shot.

(THE RUSHING NOISE  
CRESCENDOS INTO  
A ROAR)



44. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE PIPE PEOPLE  
ARE STILL IN THE  
KANDY KITCHEN  
ALTHOUGH GILBERT M  
HAS GONE.

THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE COME BACK  
IN FROM THE  
STREET)

THE DOCTOR: Wulfric. Wences. What  
did you do?

(WULFRIC POINTS TO  
THE FONDANT  
SURPRISE MECHANISM)

I thought so. Now's let's see.

(THE DOCTOR CONSULTS  
THE CHART ON  
THE WALL)

THE DOCTOR: Citric acid, benzoic  
acid and salicylic acid. The Kandy  
Man won't get very far with that  
lot chasing him down the pipe. Come  
on, Ace. And you, pipe pilots.

ACE: Where to now, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Our next port of call.

45. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL. HEADQUARTERS.

(DAISY K IS  
SITTING AT THE  
CONSOLE, USING  
THE CONTROLS)

DAISY K: No reply.

HELEN A: He must still be in the  
Kandy Kitchen.

DAISY K: I've already tried there.

HELEN A: Then try it again.

(DAISY K PUNCHES  
A BUTTON ON THE  
CONSOLE.

THE KANDY KITCHEN  
APPEARS ON THE MONITOR.

THERE IS NO-ONE  
THERE)

I wonder where he can be.

46. EXT. EXECUTION YARD. NIGHT.

(THE KANDY MAN'S  
METAL ROBOTIC  
SKELETON IS  
LYING IN THE MIDDLE  
OF THE YARD, THE  
SUGARY SUBSTANCES  
OF HIS BODY MINGLING  
WITH THE SUGARY  
SUBSTANCES THAT  
FLUSHED HIM DOWN  
THE PIPE AND  
DRIPPING FROM HIS  
BONES.

GILBERT M IS KNEELING  
OVER THE KANDY  
MAN'S REMAINS.

JOSEPH C IS STANDING  
TO ONE SIDE, STILL  
HOLDING FIFI'S LEAD)

JOSEPH C: Close, were you?

GILBERT: I made him.

JOSEPH C: Really? How very interesting.

GILBERT M: Only his body. His mind  
was very much his own.

JOSEPH C: I certainly don't recall  
the chap ever arriving.

GILBERT M: He was born in the Kandy  
Kitchen.

JOSEPH C: Whereas you came from  
Vasilip, if memory serves.

GILBERT M: I was exiled from Vasilip.  
I came here with his bones in a  
suitcase.

JOSEPH C: Exiled, you say?

GILBERT M: I made a mistake. I worked  
in the state laboratories. Without  
realising it, I developed a deadly  
new germ. The disease wiped out half  
the population.

JOSEPH C: Still, hardly your fault.

(JOSEPH C CONSIDERS  
THE KANDY MAN)

JOSEPH C: Can't you just pack him  
up and start again?

GILBERT M: Not this time. Anyway,  
he's better off like that.

JOSEPH C: Chin up, old man.

GILBERT M: The Kandy Man's gone.  
There's nothing here for me now.

(HE LOOKS UP AT  
JOSEPH C)

47. INT. THE PIPE.

(THE DOCTOR, ACE  
AND THE PIPE PEOPLE  
ARE MOVING ALONG  
THE PIPE)

ACE: Professor, look!

(ACE HAS SEEN  
THAT THEIR WAY  
IS BARRED BY A  
WALL BUILT ACROSS  
THE PIPE.

ACROSS THE WALL  
IS SCRAWLED 'GIVE  
PEACE A', FOLLOWED  
BY A SCRAWL OF  
PAINT AS IF THE  
WRITER WAS INTERRUPTED  
SUDDENLY)

THE DOCTOR: Kindred spirit of yours  
Ace.

ACE: Nice lettering style.

WENCES: Killjoy.

WULFRIC: Murdered.

THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid so, Wulfric.  
Still, Helen A's days are numbered  
now. The writing's on the wall.

ACE: Why is it here? The wall.

THE DOCTOR: It marks the fortifications surrounding Helen A's inner sanctum.

(ACE IS EXAMINING  
THE WALL WITH A  
SPECIALIST'S EYE)

ACE: It's an insult, Professor.  
Whoever put this up hadn't heard  
of gunpowder, let alone Nitro-9.

THE DOCTOR: It also marks the spot  
where we say good-bye to the Pipe  
People.

WENCES: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: No protests. Soon you  
should be able to go back to the  
sugar fields. But until then, ears  
cocked and snouts down.

48. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(HELEN A. IS  
PACKING A SUITCASE.

DAISY K IS WATCHING  
HER.

MUZAK IS PLAYING  
IN THE ROOM)

DAISY K: Will you be away long?

HELEN A: Away?

DAISY K: You're packing a case.  
I assumed ...

HELEN A: Why would I want to go  
away?

DAISY K: I just thought ... The  
situation ...

HELEN A: The situation? There's  
nothing wrong, is there, Daisy K?

DAISY K: No, of course not. Everything's  
fine.

(THE MUZAK GIVES  
WAY TO A  
NEWSFLASH)

NEWSCASTER: Happiness will prevail.  
Pockets of Happiness Patrol resistance  
have now crumbled as the Drones move  
through Sector 8. One hundred and  
twelve factories have now fallen  
to the rebels as they continue their  
drive westwards.

(THE MUZAK  
BEGINS AGAIN)

HELEN A: As you said, Daisy K.  
Everything is fine.

(HELEN A. PICKS  
UP HER CASE AND  
MOVES TOWARDS THE  
DOOR)

DAISY K: So you're not leaving?

HELEN A: I told you before. Why  
would I want to do that?

(HELEN A. EXITS  
TO THE HAPPINESS  
PATROL H.Q. ROOM)



49. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A. ENTERS  
AND SITS DOWN  
AT THE CONSOLE  
AND PRESSES A  
KEY.

THE MESSAGE "ESCAPE  
SHUTTLE READY  
FOR TAKE-OFF" COMES  
UP ON THE SCREEN.

HELEN A. SMILES)

50. INT. PIPE.

(THE DOCTOR AND ACE  
ARE PLACING CANS  
OF NITRO AT STRATEGIC  
POINTS ALONG THE  
FOOT OF THE WALL)

ACE: It needs another one at your  
end, Professor. Catch.

(SHE THROWS A  
CAN TO THE DOCTOR.  
HE CATCHES IT)

THE DOCTOR: I don't want to be a  
killjoy, Ace, but I think that's  
enough.

ACE: Maybe, Professor. But it's  
not just a question of quantity.  
It's about stress points, symmetry,  
detonators. It's a very complicated  
equation.

THE DOCTOR: The aesthetics of the  
explosion?

ACE: Something like that.

THE DOCTOR: And it's not just because  
the bigger the blast the more you  
like it?

ACE: Who, me? (cont ...)

(THERE IS A  
DISTANT SOUND)

ACE: (cont) What was that?

THE DOCTOR: It was a launch. Sounded  
like a shuttle.

MODEL SHOT 1:

The planet hangs in  
space. A tiny  
craft rises up  
from the planet,  
hurtling towards  
the CAMERA.

51. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A, IS  
TRANSFIXED, SITTING  
AT THE CONSOLE  
AND STARING AT THE  
SCREEN. THE  
MESSAGE "ESCAPE  
SHUTTLE READY FOR  
TAKE-OFF" CHANGES  
TO 'SHUTTLE IN  
ORBIT' AND THEN,  
AFTER SOME  
INTERFERENCE, TO  
'RECEIVING INCOMING  
COMMUNICATION'.

GILBERT M, APPEARS  
ON THE SCREEN,  
TALKING FROM THE  
SHUTTLE)

HELEN A: Gilbert M!

GILBERT M: It's all working beautifully,  
Helen A, as you can see. A masterful  
piece of engineering, even though  
I say so myself.

HELEN A: You betrayed me!

GILBERT M: My only complaint is  
the company. I don't know how you  
put up with it!

HELEN A: How did you get into the  
shuttle?

GILBERT M: That's what I was saying.  
The Captain let me in.

HELEN A: Who is this Captain? Let  
me see him.

(JOSEPH C, APPEARS  
ON THE SCREEN)

JOSEPH C: Goodbye, dear.

HELEN A: What are you doing! You're  
supposed to be waiting for Fifi.

JOSEPH C: Really, dear? It must  
have slipped my mind.

(THE SCREEN GOES  
BLANK.

HELEN A, IS  
SHELL SHOCKED.  
SHE GAZES BLANKLY  
AT THE SCREEN)

52. INT. PIPE.

(THE EXPLOSION BLASTS  
THE DOORS OPEN.

WE SEE THE GLOW  
ON THE TRIUMPHANT  
FACES OF THE  
DOCTOR AND ACE.

THEY MOVE FORWARD)

53. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A. STARING  
AT THE BLANK SCREEN.

DAISY K. COMES IN)

DAISY K: You came back.

HELEN A: I never went away.

DAISY K: But I thought I heard ...

(HELEN A. TURNS  
OFF THE SCREEN,  
CALM AND BUSINESSLIKE)

HELEN A: Really? I didn't hear  
anything. Is everything still all  
right?

DAISY K: Helen A. You know it isn't.  
The factories are overrun, the Kandy  
Man is dead ...

HELEN A: Stop!

DAISY K: You must understand! The  
Doctor is closing in on us ...

HELEN A: Stop! I asked you if  
everything was still alright.

(DAISY K. DOESN'T  
REPLY)

And we're both happy? (cont ...)



(DAISY K. DOESN'T  
REPLY.

HELEN A. TAKES  
A GUN OUT OF HER  
SUITCASE AND  
POINTS IT AT DAISY K)

HELEN A: (cont) We are both happy,  
aren't we?

(BEFORE DAISY K.  
SPEAKS THERE IS A  
NOISE FROM THE  
ROOM ABOVE.

HELEN A. GRABS  
HER CASE AND  
RUNS FOR THE  
DOOR.

WHEN SHE REACHES  
IT SHE TURNS BACK  
TO DAISY K)

Happiness will prevail, Daisy K.

(HELEN A. THROWS  
THE GUN TO DAISY K.  
WHO CATCHES IT.

HELEN A. GOES OUT.  
AS THE DOOR CLOSES  
BEHIND HER, THE  
DOCTOR SLIDES DOWN  
THE POLE INTO THE  
ROOM.

HE DOFFS HIS HAT  
TO DAISY K)

THE DOCTOR: I was really looking  
for Helen A. I don't suppose ...

DAISY K: You're too late, Doctor.  
She's gone. But I'm delighted to  
see you.

(DAISY K. RAISES  
HELEN A'S GUN,  
BUT BEFORE SHE  
CAN FIRE THE GUN  
IS SHOT OUT OF  
HER HAND.

SHE SPINS ROUND  
TO SEE SUSAN Q.  
AND EARL AT THE  
DOOR.

SUSAN Q. COVERS  
DAISY K. WITH  
HER FUN GUN)

THE DOCTOR: Who taught you to shoot  
like that, Susan Q?

SUSAN Q: She did.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you, Daisy K.  
(CALLING UP) All right, Ace, you  
can come down now.

(ACE SLIDES DOWN  
THE POLE.

SHE SEES SUSAN Q)

ACE: Are you all right, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Splendid, thank you.

ACE: (TO DAISY K) Hello, face-ache.

54. EXT. BLUESY STREET. NIGHT.

(HELEN A. IS  
DRAGGING HER  
SUITCASE DOWN THE  
STREET.

MUZAK IS PLAYING  
THROUGH SPEAKERS  
MOUNTED ON THE  
WALLS.

SUDDENLY THE MUZAK  
STOPS.

AFTER A FEW  
CRACKLES EARL'S SAD  
TRUMPET MUSIC COMES  
OUT OF THE SPEAKERS.

HELEN A. STOPS  
DEAD IN TRACKS FOR  
A MOMENT AND LOOKS  
AT THE SPEAKS.

THEN, MORE DETERMINED  
THAN EVER, SHE  
TRUDGES ON)

55. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(DAISY K. IS  
SITTING ON A CHAIR  
HER HANDS TIED  
BEHIND HER BACK.

A PANEL HAS BEEN  
OPENED REVEALING  
TWO LARGE TAPE  
RECORDERS.

SUSAN Q. IS  
UNWINDING A LARGE  
SPOOL OF TAPE INTO  
A GROWING PILE OF  
TAPE ALREADY ON  
THE FLOOR.

EARL IS PLAYING  
HIS TRUMPET INTO A  
MICROPHONE ON THE  
CONSOLE)

56. EXT. BLUESY STREET. NIGHT.

(HELEN A. IS AGAIN  
DRAGGING HER  
CASE ALONG THE  
STREET.

THE TRUMPET MUSIC  
IS STILL FILLING THE  
STREET AND CONTINUES  
TILL THE END OF  
THE SCENE.

THE DOCTOR STEPS  
OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

HELEN A. KEEPING  
WALKING)

THE DOCTOR: You can't get away,  
Helen A.

HELEN A: There's a schedule flight  
in an hour. You can't stop me, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: I know I can't. But  
it's not me you're running away from.

HELEN A: Who is it, then?

THE DOCTOR: It's yourself. That's  
why you'll never escape.

(HELEN A. STOPS)

HELEN A: They didn't understand  
me.

THE DOCTOR: They understood you  
only too well. That's why they resisted  
you.

HELEN A: I only wanted the best for them.

THE DOCTOR: That's your best, is it? Prisons, death squads, executions.

HELEN A: The only came later. I told them to be happy. I gave them a chance. But they wouldn't listen. I know they laughed sometimes, but they still cried, they still wept.

THE DOCTOR: Don't you ever feel like crying, Helen A?

HELEN A: Of course not, Doctor. It's unnecessary. And those who persisted had to be punished.

THE DOCTOR: But why?

HELEN A: For the good of the majority. For the ones who wanted to be happy. Who wanted to take the opportunities that I gave them.

THE DOCTOR: And what were these opportunities that you gave them? A bag of sweets? A few tawdry party decorations? Bland, soulless music? Do these things make you happy?

HELEN A: I ...

THE DOCTOR: Of course they don't. Because they're cosmetic. Because real happiness is nothing if it doesn't exist side by side with sadness.  
(cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR TAKES  
THE KANDY MAN'S  
COIN OUT OF HIS  
POCKET, SPINS IT AND  
SHOWS IT TO HELEN A)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Two sides. One coin.

(HE HOLDS IT OUT  
TO HELEN A. SHE  
TURNS AWAY)

HELEN A: You can keep your coin, Doctor. And your sadness. I'll go somewhere else. I'll find somewhere where there is no sadness. A place where people know how to enjoy themselves.

THE DOCTOR: I'm sure you will, Helen A. But it won't be a life worth living.

HELEN A: A place where people are strong. Where they hold back the tears. A place where people pull themselves together.

THE DOCTOR: Where there's no compassion.

HELEN A: Where there's control.

THE DOCTOR: You mean a place without love.

HELEN A: I always thought love was over-rated.

(SUDDENLY HELEN  
A. CATCHES SIGHT  
OF SOMETHING  
OVER THE DOCTOR'S  
SHOULDER)

Fifi.

THE DOCTOR: Fifi?



(THE DOCTOR TURNS  
TO SEE FIFI HAUL  
HERSELF ACROSS  
THE STREET, AND  
THEN COLLAPSE.

HELEN A. FALLS TO  
HER KNEES AND  
SCOOPS FIFI UP  
IN HER ARMS)

HELEN A: Fifi! Fifi!

(HELEN A. CRIES.  
GREAT SOBS WRACK  
HER BODY.

THE DOCTOR WALKS  
TO  
WHERE  
ACE IS WAITING)

ACE: Should we do something, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: It's done.

(THE DOCTOR  
AND ACE GO)



57. EXT. FORUM SQUARE. DAY.

(THE FORUM SQUARE  
HAS BEEN PARTIALLY  
REPAINTED, SO  
THAT DULL COLOURS  
MINGLE WITH THE  
BRIGHT.

DAISY K, AND  
PRISCILLA P.  
DRESSED IN  
DRAB OVERALLS,  
HAVE JUST FINISHED  
RE-PAINTING  
THE TARDIS.

THEY WITHDRAW,  
CARRYING THEIR  
BUCKETS AND BRUSHES.

ACE INSPECTS THEIR  
WORK CRITICALLY,  
THEN TAKES A SPRAY  
CAN OUT OF HER  
RUCKSACK AND  
REMOVES THE LAST  
PATCHES OF PINK ON  
THE TARDIS.

SHE FINISHES AND  
GOES OVER TO JOIN  
THE DOCTOR, STANDING  
WITH EARL, SUSAN Q.  
AND WULFRIC.

THE MOOD IS  
SUBDUED AND A  
LITTLE SAD)

EARL: What's your next stop, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Good question.

ACE: Can't we go after Joseph C.  
and that toerag Gilbert M? \_\_\_\_\_

SUSAN Q: Forget Gilbert M. It was the Kandy man who was dangerous.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. Hatred, evil, emulsifiers, lecithin and non-dairy fat.

ACE: Stop it, Professor. You're making me hungry.

THE DOCTOR: Right, we must be off. How about you, Earl?

EARL: I'll stay here. To teach this planet the Blues again.

SUSAN Q: Thank you for giving them back to us Doctor - the Blues.

THE DOCTOR: There aren't any other colours without the blues!

(HE TIPS HIS HAT  
AND TURNS AWAY.

HE OPENS THE DOORS  
OF THE TARDIS.

ACE FOLLOWS)

ACE: Are they all right?

THE DOCTOR: Happiness will prevail.

(THE DOORS CLOSE  
AND THE TARDIS  
DEMATERIALIZES)

FADE OUT